

The Historie of

Fals. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea, but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie: then? no: What is Honour? a Word: What is that word Honour? Aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis insensible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is, a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme. *Scene 2.* *Exit.*

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. T'were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all yndone,
It is not possible, it can not be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and find a time,
To punish this offence in others faultes;
Supposition, all our liues, shall be sticke full of eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who neuer so tame, so cherisht, and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde trick of his ancestors:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily?
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
My Nephewes trespassse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,
A haire-braind *Hotspur*, gouerned by a spleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption benign tane from vs.

We

Henry the

We as the spring of all, shal pay
Therefore good Coosen, let not
In any case, the offer of the King

Ver. Deliuer what you wil, Ile fa

Hot. My Vncle is returnd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of *Westmer*
Vncle, What newes?

Wor. The King will bid you

Doug. Defie him by the Lord

Hot. Lord *Douglas*, goe you

Doug. Mary and shall, and vo

Wor. There is no seeming m

Hot. Did you beg any? God

Wor. I told him gently of ou
Of his Oath-breaking: which h
By now forswearing that he is fo
He calls vs Rebels, raytors, and
With hawty armes, this hatefull

Doug. Arme Gentlemen, to a
A braue Defiance in King *Henri*
And *Westmerland* that was ingag
Which can not chuse but bring

Wor. The *Prince of Wales* step
And Nephew, challeng'd you to

Hot. O, would the quarrell
And that no man might draw sh
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell
How shewd his talking? seemd

Ver. No, by my soule, I neuer
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd mor
Vnlesse a Brother should a Bro
To gentle exercise and prooffe o
He gaue you all the duties of a m
Trimd vp your prayses with a P
Spoke your deseruings like a Ch
Making you euer better then his
By still dispraying prayse, value
And which became him like a P